

10¢

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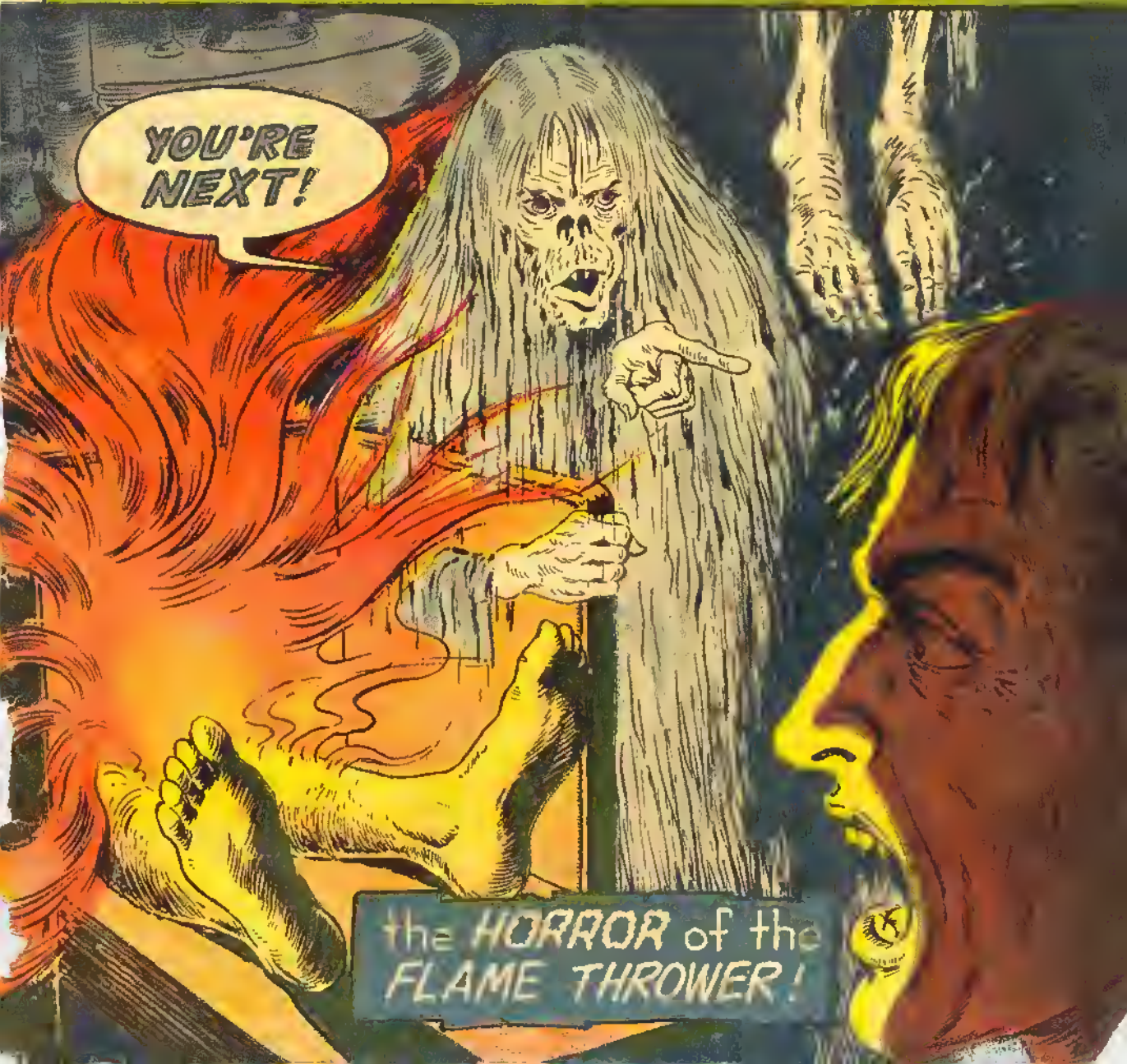
IN

# MYSTERY

## *Adventures*

JUNE

No. 14







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- 34-compression cover work.
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- Customizing, styling ideas.
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- Touching up nuts, dents, for perfect blend and finish.
- Mooring tires on rim.
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RALPH CARTER, PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY, DUG DEEP INTO SAVAGE  
 SUPERSTITION TO FASHION HIS OWN DESTINY... BUT HE FOUND THAT  
 EVEN THE BRILLIANT MIND OF A SCIENTIST IS NO MATCH FOR THE UNKNOWN  
 ... WHEN IT IS EMBODIED IN ...

# THE HUMAN CLAY



STUDENTS FLOCKED TO STATE U'S COURSE IN PRIMI-  
 TIVE PSYCHOLOGY TO WATCH AND LISTEN IN FASCINATION  
 AS PROFESSOR CARTER EXPOSED THE OCCULT AND  
 THE WEIRD...

GOSH/ THIS AFRICAN  
 DEATH DANCE GIVES  
 ME THE CREEPS!

YEAH/ CARTER'S DEMONSTRATIONS ARE CONVINCING/ IF  
 HE DIDN'T PROVE IT WAS  
 ALL HOKUM, I'D ALMOST  
 BELIEVE IT.



THE LECTURE ENDED AND...

THAT'S IT. FOR THIS TERM, STUDENTS/ I'M SPENDING  
 THE SUMMER IN HAITI TO DO RESEARCH IN VODOO.  
 I'LL HAVE SOME EXCITING MATERIAL  
 FOR YOU IN MY ADVANCED  
 COURSE NEXT FALL!





THE NEXT MONTH FOUND CARTER DEEP IN THE HAITIAN JUNGLE, PRYING INTO THE ANCIENT, FEAR-FILLED WORSHIP OF DAMBALLAH... THIS IS TOURIST STUFF, FRANCOIS/ I WANT REAL VODOO/ TAKE ME TO THE HIGH PRIEST/ THE BIG HOUNGAN /

THE PAPALOI? HE DEAD/ PAPALOI N'GAMBO BURIED LAST WEEK/ N'GAMBO'S SECRETS IN GRAVE WITH HIM/



BURIED WITH HIM, EH? THIS IS A LUCKY BREAK/ FRANCOIS/ I MUST SEE THAT GRAVE /

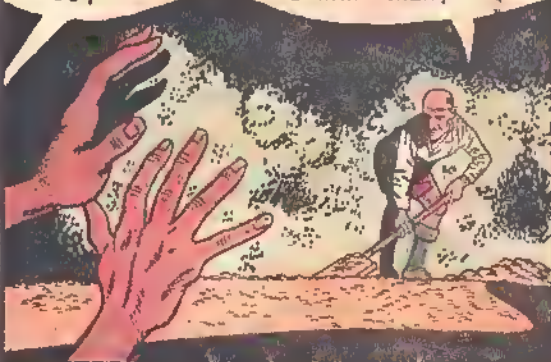
NO/ NOT SAFE/ STRONG VODOO GUARD N'GAMBO'S GRAVE / SPIRITS BE ANGRY /



CARTER FINALLY PERSUADED THE FRIGHTENED GUIDE TO LEAD HIM TO THE SACRED GRAVE OF THE HIGH PRIEST...

DO NOT DIG / MASTER CARTER/ VODOO GODS WILL HARM US /

VODOO GODS/ WHAT FANTASTIC RUBBISH/ I MUST SEE WHAT IS IN THIS GRAVE / IF THERE ARE ANY SECRETS ... THEN I WANT THEM /



WHILE THE TERRIFIED HAITIAN WATCHED, CARTER UNCOVERED THE REMAINS OF THE VODOO HOUNGAN...

WHAT'S THIS? A CLAY DOLL /

IT IS DOLL OF N'GAMBO/ DO NOT TOUCH /



THOUGHT THESE DOLLS WERE USED TO HURT PEOPLE/ STICK PINS IN THEM TO KILL YOUR ENEMY, STUFF LIKE THAT/

YES, BUT DOLL MUST BE BURIED WITH BODY/ ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO DOLL HAPPENS TO BODY/ EVEN AFTER DEATH /



WHAT ROT/ YOU NATIVES ARE RIDDLED WITH SUPERSTITION/RELAX, FRANCOIS/ I'LL LEAVE THE DOLL IN THE GRAVE/ HEY/ THIS BALL OF CLAY UNDER HIS HEAD/ SAME STUFF HIS DOLL'S MADE OF/

IT IS N'GAMBO'S MAGIC CLAY/ HOLD EVIL VODOO/



JUST WHAT I WANT/





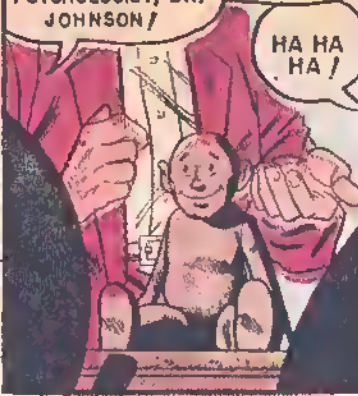
WHEN COLLEGE REOPENED IN THE FALL, PROFESSOR CARTER AGAIN HELD HIS CLASSES SPELLBOUND AS HE DELVED INTO THE REALM OF THE SUPERNATURAL...

I TOOK THIS CLAY FROM THE GRAVE OF A HIGH PRIEST/ ORDINARY CLAY, BUT THE NATIVES BELIEVE IT HOLDS STRANGE POWERS/ SO, WHEN A WITCH DOCTOR MAKES A DOLL... LIKE THIS...



QUICKLY CARTER FASHIONED A TINY CLAY DOLL...

... AND THE VICTIM BELIEVES IT REPRESENTS HIM... THEN HE WILL SUFFER ANY INJURY DONE TO THE DOLL/HMMM/ THIS LOOKS A BIT LIKE MY FELLOW PSYCHOLOGIST, DR. JOHNSON/



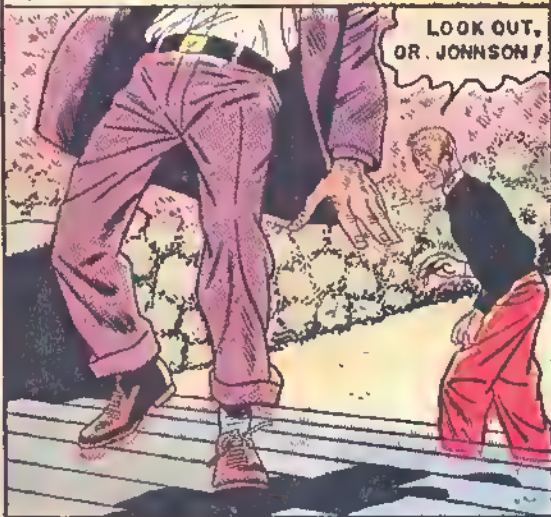
DON'T LAUGH / THESE CHARMS ARE EFFECTIVE WHEN THE VICTIM BELIEVES IN THEM... IT IS PURE AUTO-SUGGESTION / TELL A SAVAGE HE'S SICK OR DYING / PRESTO / HE BECOMES SICK OR DIES!



... BUT, CAN I, WITH A HANDFUL OF ORDINARY CLAY, DO DAMAGE TO A MAN WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN VODOO? NO, OF COURSE NOT / HERE, I'LL BREAK THE DOLL'S LEG...



AND AT THAT SAME MOMENT...



...MUMBLE A LITTLE GIBBERISH TO IMPRESS THE IGNORANT SAVAGE, AND THE SPELL IS CAST!

AAAGGGH!



IT'S DR. JOHNSON / HE FELL DOWN THE LIBRARY STEPS!

HIS LEG'S ALL TWISTED / IT— IT'S BROKEN / LIKE... LIKE THE VODOO DOLL!





CARTER SAW UNREASONING PRIMITIVE FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN FLICKER OVER THE FACES THAT TURNED TO HIM...

IT WORKED! THE DOLL DID IT/ PROFESSOR CARTER, YOU...

THIS IS COINCIDENCE / YOU'RE LETTING SAVAGE SUPERSTITIONS REPLACE YOUR LOGIC / CLASS DISMISSED /



BUT AS CARTER STARED DOWN AT THE BROKEN DOLL IN HIS HAND... A TREMOR OF DOUBT CREPT OUT OF SOME DIM RECESS OF HIS MIND...

I WONDER? NO, IT'S TOO FANTASTIC! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT / BUT...



THAT NIGHT CARTER PITTED HIS INTELLECT AGAINST THE LURE OF SORCERY... AND LOST...

RIDICULOUS/ HOW COULD MERE CLAY HAVE DESTRUCTIVE POWERS? BUT THIS IS SPECIAL CLAY... FROM A VOODOO GRAVE / MAYBE--- MAYBE I'LL TRY IT/



AS IF POSSESSED, HE SEIZED A HANDFUL OF THE CLAY AND BEGAN TO FASHION...

I'LL TRY IT ON PROFESSOR CASTLE/ IF IT WORKS... I'LL BE HEAD OF THE PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT / THAT OLD DUFFER'S STOOD IN MY WAY LONG ENOUGH!



AND THEN LIKE AN ANCIENT SAVAGE, HE THREW HIMSELF INTO THE RITUAL OF DEATH...

O GOUN BARE I BABA SOBO  
GA HOUN MANYAN ...



AT LAST THE FRENZIED ORGY REACHED ITS BLOOD-CHILLING CLIMAX...





CARTER HAD REGAINED HIS COMPOSURE AND THE NEXT MORNING WHEN HE BREAKFASTED WITH HIS FAMILY...

MRS. BENTON JUST CALLED, RALPH / A TERRIBLE THING'S HAPPENED / LAST NIGHT PROFESSOR CASTLE'S HOUSE BURNED DOWN WITH HIM IT / NO ONE KNOWS WHAT CAUSED THE FIRE!

CASTLE'S DEAD / FROM UNKNOWN CAUSES!



CARTER WAS EXULTANT/ EVEN BEFORE HE WAS CALLED TO THE DEAN'S OFFICE, HE KNEW THAT FROM THEN ON, HE WAS SHAPING HIS OWN DESTINY...

TRAGIC THING ABOUT OLD CASTLE / LEAVES US WITHOUT A HEAD FOR YOUR DEPARTMENT / BUT I THINK YOU CAN FILL THE POST, CARTER.

THANK YOU, SIR.



THAT EVENING, CARTER TOLD HIS WIFE THE NEWS...

THAT'S WONDERFUL, RALPH? YOU'VE WORKED HARD FOR THIS, AND WAITED A LONG TIME!

DADDY / CAN I HAVE SOMETHING?



OF COURSE, SON / NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR THE SON OF A DEPARTMENT HEAD / WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE?

LEMME CUT OFF A LITTLE BIT OF YOUR HAIR!



OF COURSE / BUT WHAT'S IT FOR? YOU'RE A LITTLE YOUNG TO BE PRACTICING THE BLACK ARTS!

JUST PLAYING / THERE, THAT'S ENOUGH!



AND THE BOY RETURNED TO HIS INNOCENT GAME...

LIKE THAT AND LIKE THAT / AND DADDY'S HAIR ON TOP AND ON HERE AND...



AND HIS TOY WAS A PLAYTHING OF BLACK MAGIC...









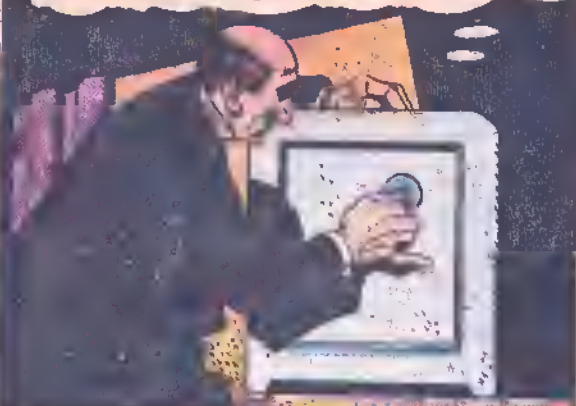
INSTINCTIVELY, CARTER RAISED HIS ARM TO DASH THE LOATHSOME FIGURE TO THE FLOOR .

NO, I CAN'T DESTROY IT / IT WOULD KILL ME / WHAT CAN I DO ? IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO IT, I'M FINISHED / GOT TO HIDE IT IN A SAFE PLACE / THE SAFE / THAT'S IT !



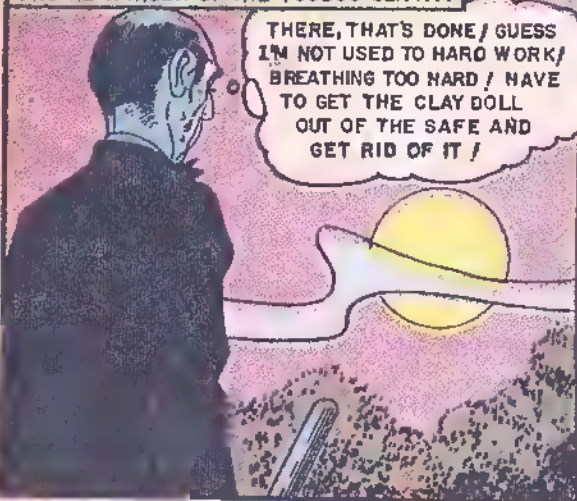
QUICKLY, CARTER PUSHED THE LEERING CARICATURE OF HIMSELF INTO THE WALL SAFE AND SLAMMED THE DOOR...

WHEW / THAT WAS CLOSE / THE CLAY / IT'S DANGEROUS TO HAVE AROUND / I'LL BURY IT /



IN THE GARDEN, CARTER DUG DEEPLY AND BURIED THE REMAINDER OF THE VOODOO CLAY...

THERE, THAT'S DONE / GUESS I'M NOT USED TO HARD WORK / BREATHING TOO HARD / HAVE TO GET THE CLAY DOLL OUT OF THE SAFE AND GET RID OF IT /



SUDDENLY, HIS LUNGS BEGAN TO CONSTRICT AND HE GASPED.

AIR / GOT TO HAVE AIR /



SUDDEN REALIZATION HIT CARTER...

CAN'T BREATHE / DOLL HASN'T GOT ANY AIR / I'LL SUFFOCATE / GOTTA OPEN THE...



BUT THE MAN WHO SHAPED HIS OWN DESTINY COLLAPSED IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR...



WHILE IN THE AIRTIGHT SAFE, THE CLAY IMAGE SMILED KNOWINGLY...



THE END



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# A Dead Ball

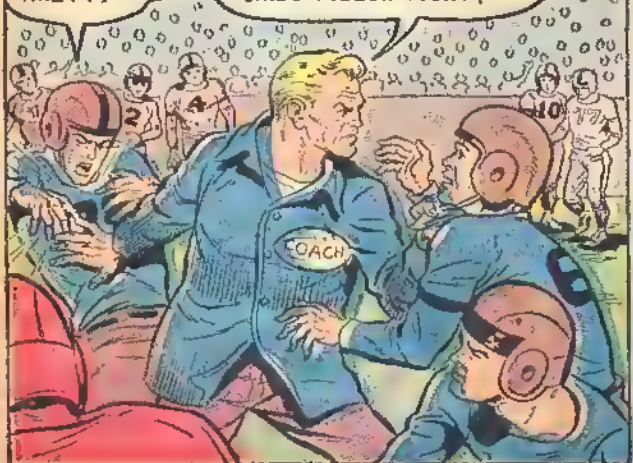
FOOTBALL IS PLENTY ROUGH BUT WHEN A MADMAN LIKE  
WILL RAWSON IS COACHING... IT'S MURDER!



COACH RAWSON DROVE MIDLAND HIGH'S ELEVEN TO VICTORY  
AT ANY PRICE...

COACH! I THINK  
MAYBE MY RIBS  
ARE...

GET BACK IN THERE AND HIT 'EM HARD  
THIS TIME! AND YOU, FOWLER!  
WHADDYA THINK THIS IS? A  
GIRL'S PILLOW FIGHT?

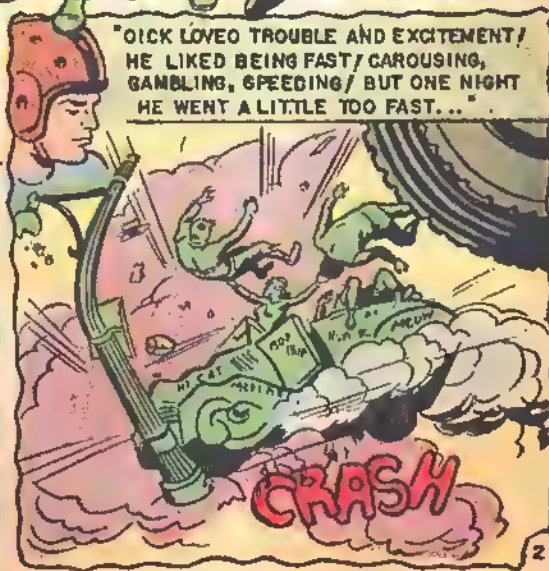


WHAT MAKES THAT  
GUY SO MEAN, BILL?  
HEMMING'S REALLY  
BANGED UP!

YEAH, BUD! BUT THE  
ONLY WAY RAWSON'LL  
LET YOU OFF THE FIELD  
IS IF YOU'RE CARRIED OFF/  
DEAD!











"THEY BROUGHT DICK BACK  
IN A BASKET/ RAWSON  
TOOK IT HARD..."

WHY DID IT HAVE TO BE  
MY SON? IT COULD'VE  
BEEN ANY OTHER KID/  
WHY DID IT HAVE TO  
BE DICK?

AND EVER SINCE  
OLD RAWSON'S  
BEEN GIVING  
EVERYONE A  
HARD TIME!

HE SURE IS  
BITTER/ LOOKS  
LIKE HE'S TRYING  
TO KILL OFF THE  
WHOLE TEAM JUST  
TO MAKE UP FOR  
IT!

LATER...

RAWSON'S STILL  
KICKING YOU GUYS  
AROUND/ SOME DAY HE'LL  
GO TO FAR/ THEN HE'LL  
GET A TASTE OF HIS  
OWN MEDICINE!

AW/ HE'S A  
GOOD COACH,  
THOUGH/  
ALWAYS  
IN THE  
THICK OF  
THINGS!

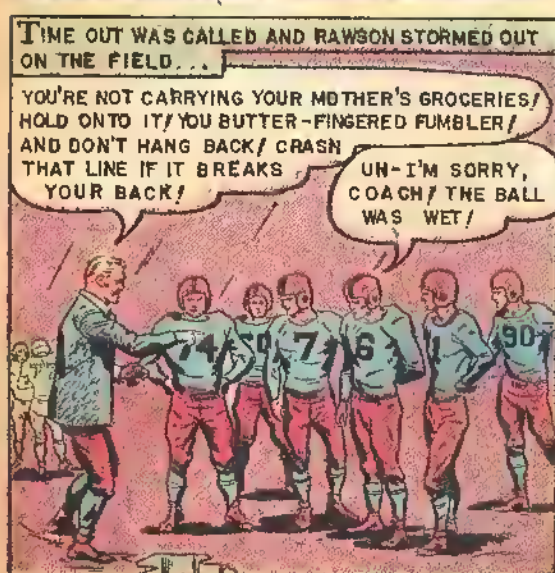
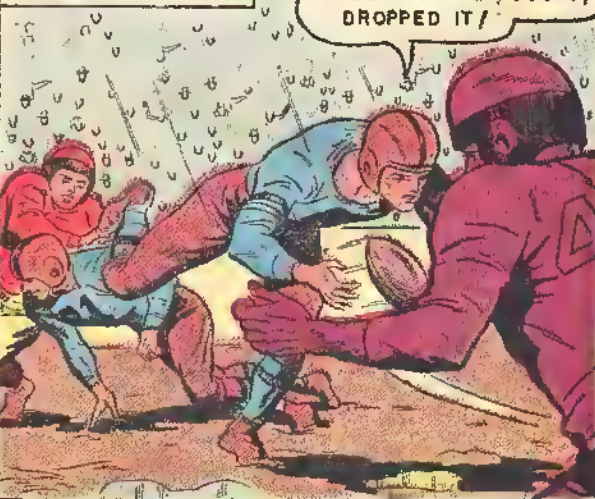


YEAH/ BUT HE DRIVES  
YOU BOYS TOO HARD/  
YOU'RE HIS BEST  
PLAYER AND HE NEVER  
GIVES YOU A REST/ HE  
TREATS YOU ROUGHER  
THAN ANYONE ELSE!

WELL, I GUESS THAT'S  
WHY I'M GOOD/ I HAVE TO  
BE/ HE WON'T USE ANY-  
THING BUT HIS HARDEST  
PLAYING FIRST STRING-  
ERS IN A GAME/ I DON'T  
WANT TO WARM A  
BENCH!

AT THE NEXT GAME...

BALL'S TOO WET/ OOPS/  
DROPPED IT!



TIME OUT WAS CALLED AND RAWSON STORMED OUT  
ON THE FIELD...

YOU'RE NOT CARRYING YOUR MOTHER'S GROCERIES/  
HOLD ONTO IT/ YOU BUTTER-FINGERED FUMBLER/  
AND DON'T HANG BACK/ CRASH  
THAT LINE IF IT BREAKS  
YOUR BACK!

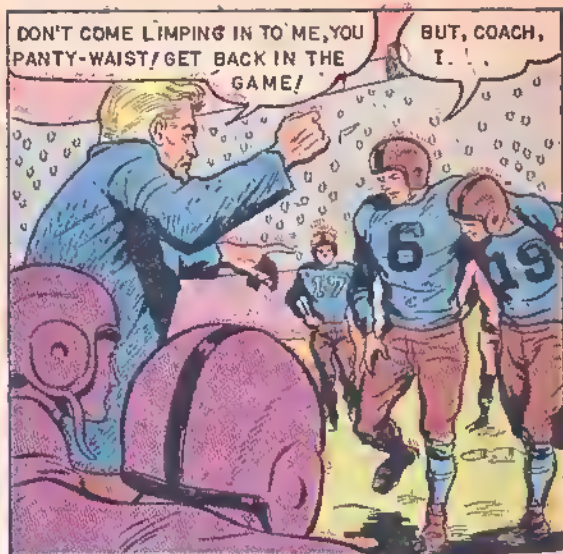
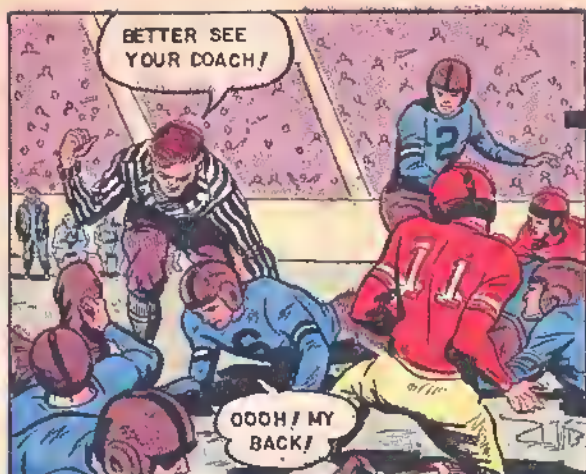
UH-I'M SORRY,  
COACH/ THE BALL  
WAS WET!

ON THE NEXT PLAY...

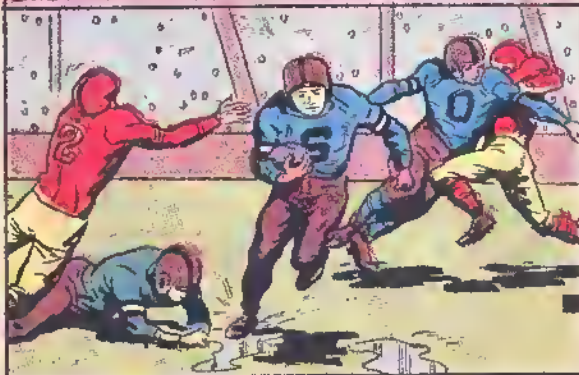
UNNNHHH!



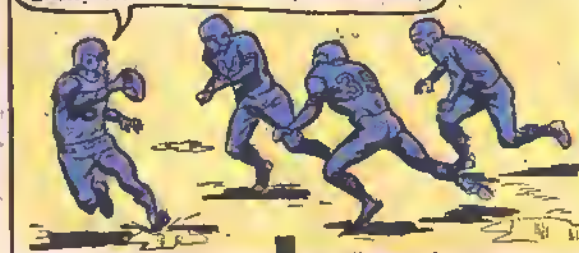




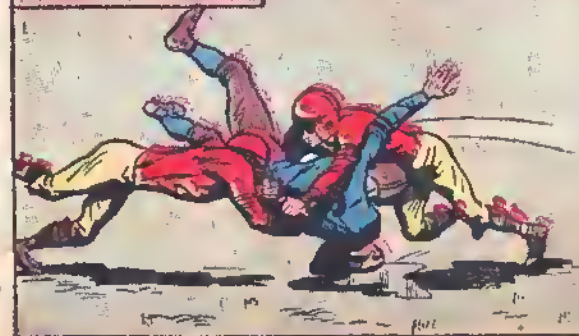
THE PAIN WAS EXCRUCIATING BUT BUD TRIED AGAIN...



THIRTY SECONDS AND TEN YARDS TO GO BEFORE THE HALF. BUD CALLED A PASS AND STEPPED BACK TO HURL THE 'BALL... FOWWWW / CAN'T GET MY ARM BACK! HURTS TOO MUCH! MY BACK!



THE AGONY IN HIS INJURED BACK SLOWED BUD DOWN TOO MUCH...AND HE WAS SLAMMED TO THE GROUND IN A TORTUROUS FALL...



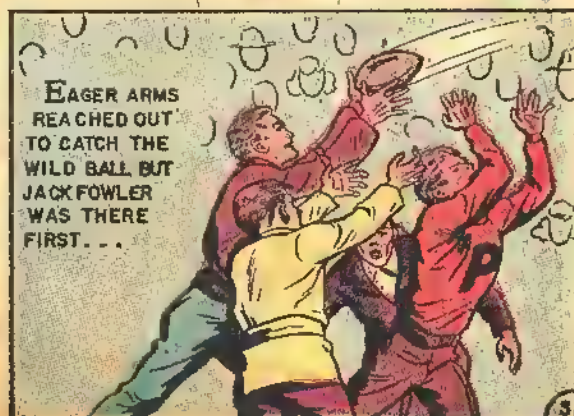
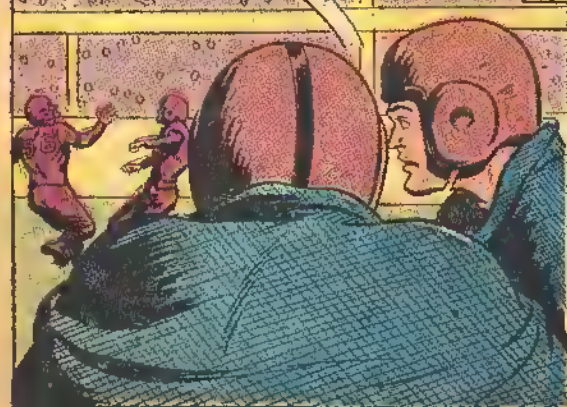
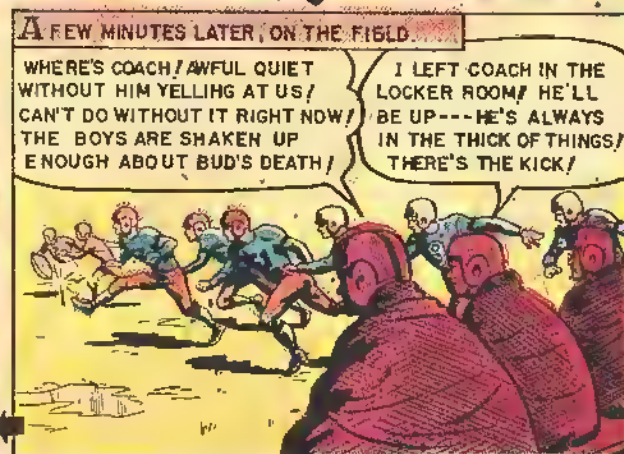
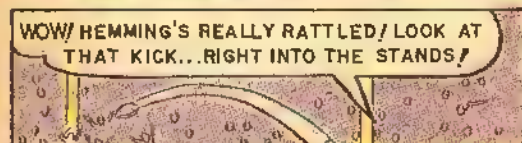
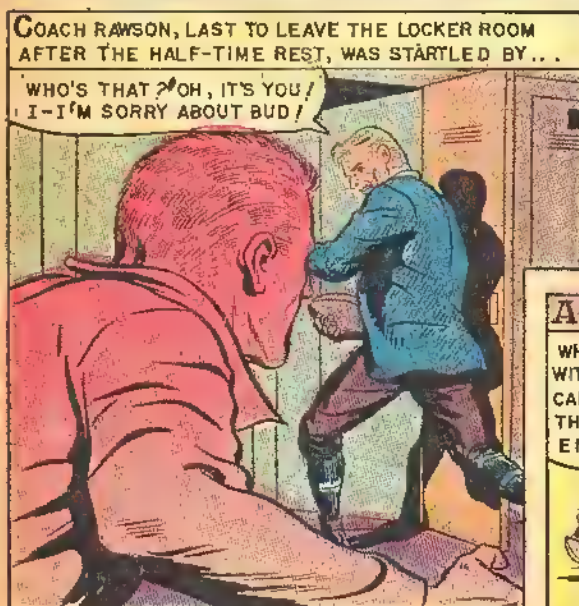
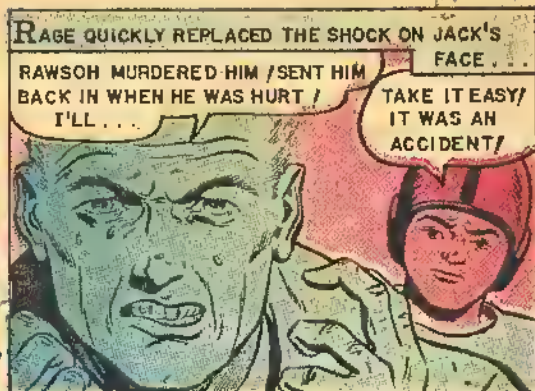
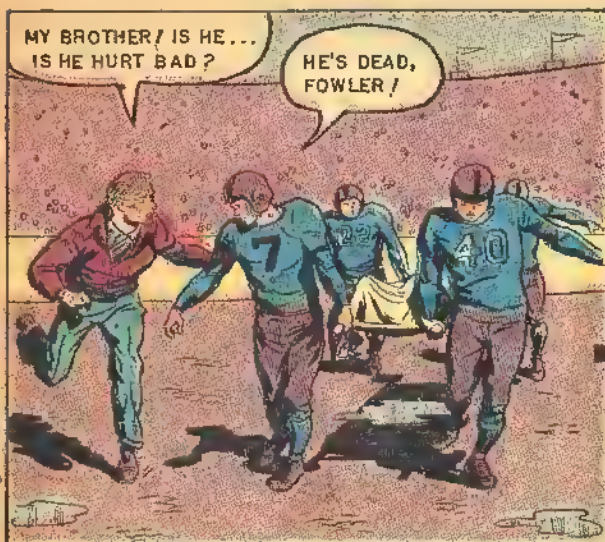
AND AGAIN...



WHEN THE PLAYERS UNPILED, BUD STILL LAY THERE, GROTESQUELY TWISTED...

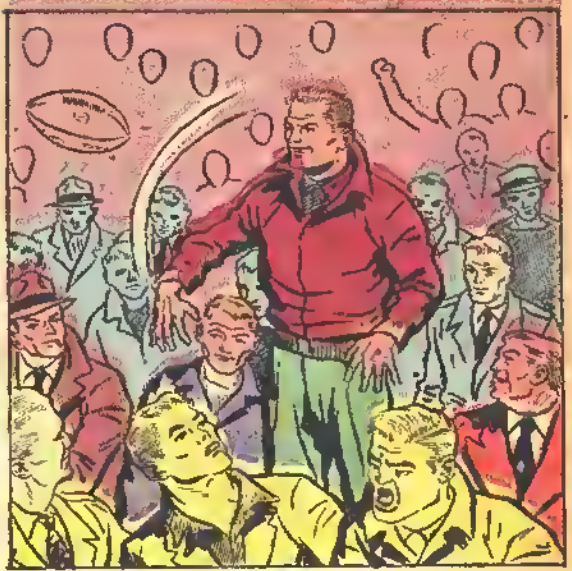








JACK FUMBLERED IT AND SAT DOWN HEAVILY AS THE BALL ROLLED UNDER HIS SEAT...  
HUH? OH, JUST THROW IT BACK! THEY'RE WAITING!  
A MINUTE/ AHH! HERE IT IS...



OOOF! THIS IS HEAVY!  
AHHH! YOU'RE JUST TOO TIRED TO LIFT IT!

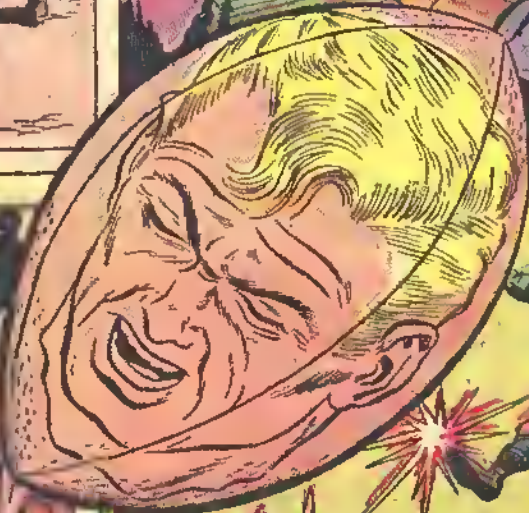


IN THE STANDS...  
WHERE'S RAWSON? HE HASN'T BEEN ON THE FIELD SINCE THE HALF/ HE NEVER MISSES A PLAY!  
THOSE KIDS DO ALL RIGHT WITHOUT THAT OLD DEVIL RIDING THEM! THEY'RE GONNA KICK AGAIN!



THE BALL WENT INTO PLAY AND JACK'S FACE LIT UP IN UNHOLY GLEE...

THERE GOES RAWSON, RIGHT INTO THE THICK OF THINGS/ HE NEVER MISSES A PLAY!



JACK'S BITTER LAUGH WAS LOST IN THE ROAR OF THE CROWD... AT LAST RAWSON WAS GETTING THE KICKING AROUND HE DESERVED...

THE END



# "HAUNTED HOUSES"

By JESSE MERLAN

**A**LL OVER America ghosts will walk, tonight. In moldy attics, in gusty garrets, in bat-hung basements . . . ghosts will walk. Perhaps they'll walk in your house . . . or float over your neighbor's house. Pale ghosts will tap at the walls, tapping out ghostly messages and threats . . . and ancient hates and revenges. The spirits of the tortured dead will return to horrify the eyes and ears of the frightened living. They always come back, the restless dead.

Are you afraid of ghosts? Admit it, you are. All right, and I'll admit that I'm afraid of ghosts, too. Why shouldn't I be? I've seen one. I've heard one. I've listened to a ghost's ghostly tapping as it went past me in a dark room. While I cowered and trembled in my bed. I had the sheets and covers clutched over my ears . . . and my throbbing heart was bursting with the fear of this horrible unknown thing that was returning from a dread world.

It all happened over twenty-two years ago, in an apartment house in Brooklyn where I had rented a room. The old Italian lady who rented me my "furnish room, nice, clean, only \$3 week yes? no?" didn't tell me of the room's ghostly history. She didn't tell me that a boarder had vanished from there only three years before. No, I had to find that out for myself, after a night of horror in the haunted murder chamber.

I went to bed that night, dead tired. The moon was hidden in black clouds, a changing wind made dozens of clicks and noises at the one window. But I slept. I slept until . . . until IT came. I'll never forget IT, never.

About 3 a.m. I sat bolt upright in bed. Somehow, it was cold in that room, cold. Though it was August and still-hot, day and night. But a deep chill was on the room, on me. And then I heard the SOUNDS.

I thought, "It's a rat . . . dragging a bone. A BIG rat."

But the stealthy raps and the bony taps came nearer, nearer. The room got still-cold, with the cold fear and dread and horror. Then IT came through the wall. Right through the wall, and the sounds came with it.

My eyes bulged in my sockets. My breath and my heart stopped. It was a long, thin, pale figure. Its face was red-streaked, in blood. In its chest

still hung a dagger's handle, and the ghost-blood oozed and fell in splashing drops to the floor . . . and disappeared. And the Thing's eyes were full of hate and struggle, the death-struggle look. What were once its hands, now moldy with decay, ended in pale blobs of shapeless, smeared blood, clutching the dagger in its chest and tugging at it. And it groaned, groaned horribly. And it was bound in links of sashweight chain, and the chain made bony, tapping noises as it dragged across the floor. I tried to yell, to empty my lungs, but no voice was in me.

Somehow I got beneath the covers, shut my eyes. I felt the Thing go past me, chilling me as in death. It went around my bed, I heard it fall in the corner, a dead body's thump, and then the groans went on. And I could almost hear the pulse and throb of spilling blood. I think I fainted then, passed out cold.

In the morning my face must have told my landlady the story. She nodded her skinny crane's neck and said, "He came, hah? Always he come. He never rest. That room, this house, is curse . . . bad curse . . . ghost curse!"

Was it only my mind, my imagination? I think not. That house was haunted, I guess it still is. But I've never been back.

And in a small town near Pittsburgh I've heard of a lost soul that leaves its house and walks soundlessly to a church next door. (No, I've never seen this one, but I collect "ghost" stories, tales of haunted houses . . . these things terrify me, but I can't shut my ears to them.) Night after night, through this town's street, this man's ghost-figure wanders from the death bed it once died in, years ago. And the apparition tugs and pulls at the heavy church doors. It always goes to the church. But it can't open the church doors, can't get in to give its soul peace and rest. Many people have seen it, against that church door. For hours it tries to get in, and can't, and then it turns silently and fades back into the deserted house from which it came. And witnesses say it spills heaps of paper money and gold coins . . . and the coins and bills disappear as they fall . . . and then the "ghost" (is it a "ghost"?) dissolves back into the now untenanted house it once lived in. People say it's an old miser, a once-cruel money-lender who drove many of his poverty-starved victims to suicide. Perhaps that money-lender's soul seeks comfort in that holy church. Perhaps it wants to give back



its ill-gotten hoarded wealth to the innocent dead it once robbed. Who knows? But a "ghost" walks, and is barred from salvation, and spills its phantom wealth on the streets, night after night. In a town near Pittsburgh.

And in New Orleans, on a fashionable street, in the center of the richest part of that city, a veiled phantom of a woman goes sobbing softly through the garden about the old house. This female phantom wears the wide-long skirts of 100 years ago, and a veil of gauze-film hides her face. But the racking sobs shake her frail figure, her almost transparent body, and she moans and moans. Everybody on that street has seen her, and they all know her as the Sobbing Lady. What secret sorrow does her ghost still weep over? Some lover, long dead or long-ago murdered? Who knows? But night after night, in bright moon or dark of moon, the Sobbing Lady sobs and sobs and floats and wanders through the house she once lived in. Yes, ghosts walk . . . in New Orleans.

And in San Francisco, near the waterfront, is a crumbling shack, never lived in now, that even the bravest "pooh-poacher" who scoffs at ghosts can't explain. In that shack, even during the bright daytime, voices and whispers are heard and the boards shake under the tread of unseen bodies. And no one has ever spent a whole night there. For at night (not every night, but mostly on nights when there's a storm at sea) then the voices are louder and chairs scrape and thump and the sound of closing doors is heard. Even though there are no chairs there now, and the doors hang unmoving on rusted and sagging hinges. The voices are in Portuguese and Spanish, and people there say it's a whole family of four brothers and their old father. All of them were drowned at sea, in their fishing boat, in a storm, years ago. But the black-green ocean waves give back the restless spirits with every storm, and the moldering shack quivers with their steps and their voices. Do the dead really return? Is it only the wind in this shack, playing tricks on any living listener's ears? Perhaps . . . perhaps . . . but does the wind speak Spanish or Portuguese? And can the wind move chairs that aren't there, slam doors that can't move? Prudent people shun that shack, by day and night. I only walked through it once, and my spine still tingles at the memory of what I heard . . . and didn't see.

In Kansas is a graveyard. Near the graveyard is left only the foundation of what was once a house. But the graveyard attendant there says that on some nights lights shine . . . old-fashioned oil lamps . . . where once the house stood. And from a grave nearby he's seen a white-blue mist rise, and the mist swirls and shapes itself into four figures. A man, a woman, two smaller shapes. Are these two ghost-children? And the four phantoms

go floating to the house foundations, to the soft lights that shouldn't be there, and they walk past and through the lights . . . and then, before dawn, the four fade back into the grass of their family grave. Does that family . . . if it is a family . . . go back to the house it once lived in? Can "ghosts" love a house enough to revisit it, even after death and a grave? Who knows? Who really knows?

In New Mexico, in a roofless adobe house high in the hills, adventurous boys last year found three blackened skulls and many fragile, charred bones. Once three fur-trappers lived there, and the story goes that raiding Indians surprised them and scalped them and burned the bleeding bodies. A native sheep-herder tells me that on certain nights he sees the flames again, and hears shrieks of pain and evil . . . and then the dark and quiet fold back into the ruins. This sheep-herder told me you can still feel fresh blood on the ground around the house, after these "fire-nights". He says the Indians must have dragged their bleeding victims about the house before pitching the corpses back into the blazing inferno . . . long ago. That sheepman may be just telling "ghost-stories", but he says his sheep won't graze the thick grass near the house. Do even sheep "see" and "feel" ghosts? Who can tell . . . for certain? Nothing is certain in life . . . and death is stranger and more terrible than what we call "truth".

In the lake country in Florida they tell of a deserted orange plantation . . . with a mansion that is falling apart in decay. And they say that on one night every year . . . New Year's eve . . . the house looks firm and real and solid and perfect. And that the sound of violins is heard, and an old piano again tinkles music through the night. And watchers have seen a pair of pale figures . . . a man and a woman . . . dancing. Seen them dancing, seen them through the windows. And then the whole scene fades and ruin and decay and the cold feel of death and desolation come back, just as the new year begins. On the stroke of midnight.

Are all these . . . just stories? Perhaps . . . perhaps. But maybe "ghosts" walk and dance and yell and moan . . . over and over again . . . where once they lived and loved and died.

Yes, I believe (You don't have to), I believe that "ghosts" walk . . . all over America.



The End



JEREMIAH HAD BEEN A "GOOD BOY" ALL HIS LIFE. HE DID JUST WHAT MOMMA WANTED... EVEN WHEN IT MEANT GIVING UP EVERYTHING HE WANTED MOST. TCH... TCH... POOR JEREMIAH, HE WAS THE VICTIM OF A MOTHER WHO WAS ---

# MONEY HUNGRY

JEREMIAH / JEREMIAH /  
HURRY UP / YOU'RE  
LATÉ / JEREMIAH /

YES, MOTHER.  
I'M COMING /

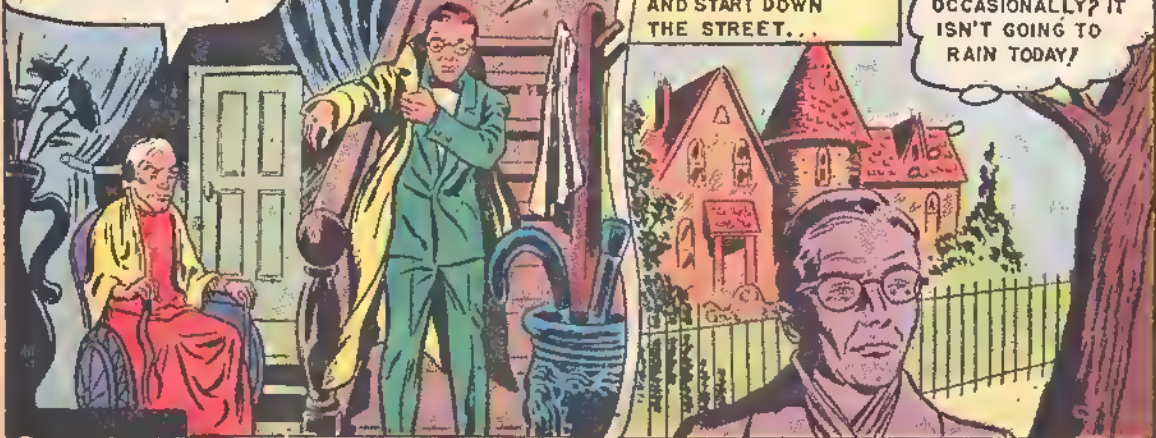
YOUR NAME IS JEREMIAH COURTLAND. YOU'RE 33 YEARS OLD AND RIGHT NOW YOU'RE IN A HURRY... A TERRIBLE HURRY...

IT'S 8:50... YOU'VE GOT JUST TEN MINUTES TO GET TO THE BANK. AND PUT ON YOUR RUBBERS AND TAKE YOUR UMBRELLA. THE PAPER SAID IT MIGHT RAIN /

YES,  
MOTHER.

AN INSTANT LATER  
YOU RUSH FROM THE  
LARGE OLD HOUSE  
AND START DOWN  
THE STREET...

WHY CAN'T SHE LET  
ME MAKE MY OWN  
DECISIONS  
OCCASIONALLY? IT  
ISN'T GOING TO  
RAIN TODAY!





BUT YOUR IRRITATION DOESN'T LAST LONG, JEREMIAH. INSTEAD YOU LAPSE INTO A QUIET FEELING OF DEPRESSION AND A FEW MINUTES LATER YOU ENTER THE BANK...

MORNING, MR. COURTLAND.

GOOD MORNING, HENRY.

YOU SLIP OFF YOUR COAT, CLIMB ONTO THE STOOL AND TAKE YOUR PLACE BEHIND THE WINDOW WHERE YOU HAVE WORKED FOR 15 YEARS...

MORNING, EDWARD. BUSY DAY AHEAD, EH?

BUT INSTEAD OF EDWARD RAYMOND, YOU HEAR A STRANGER AND YOU TURN TO SEE...

I'M SORRY, BUT MR. RAYMOND WAS TAKEN ILL LAST NIGHT. I'M REPLACING HIM TEMPORARILY.

OH...ER...EXCUSE ME... I MEAN...ER...HOW DO YOU DO?

SUDDENLY YOU FEEL DIFFERENT, DON'T YOU, JEREMIAH? YOU NO LONGER FEEL IRRITATED OR DEPRESSED...YOU FEEL WONDERFUL!

MY WORD BUT SHE'S A PRETTY LITTLE THING. IT'S---IT'S NICE TO HAVE SOMEONE SO PRETTY WORKING NEARBY.



YOU BREEZE THROUGH THE DAY ON A CLOUD... BUT THAT NIGHT WHEN YOU GET HOME...

JEREMIAH COURTLAND, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU'RE TWENTY MINUTES LATE!

SORRY, MOTHER. I... I WALKED A NEW GIRL FROM THE BANK HOME.



GIRL? YOU'VE GOT NO TIME FOR GIRLS, YOUNG MAN! YOU'VE GOT YOUR MOTHER TO SUPPORT! YOU HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TOWARD ME, JEREMIAH... AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!



BUT SOMEHOW, YOUR MOTHER'S RAVINGS DON'T BOTHER YOU TONIGHT...YOU'RE TOO HAPPY...

SHE SAID SHE'D GO TO THE MOVIES WITH ME ON SATURDAY...I-I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!





SATURDAY COMES AND THEN SUDDENLY, THE DAYS AND THE WEEKS FLY BY... YOU'RE IN LOVE, JEREMIAH... FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR LIFE YOU'RE IN LOVE...

OH, JERRY, I LOVE YOU SO!

IF ONLY YOUR MOTHER WOULD GIVE YOU SOME PEACE YOUR WORLD WOULD BE COMPLETE, WOULDN'T IT JEREMIAH?

JEREMIAH, YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING MARRIAGE! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME... HOW WOULD I LIVE?

MOTHER, THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. THE HOUSE IS PLENTY BIG ENOUGH FOR THREE OF US, NATURALLY I'LL STILL SUPPORT YOU.

BUT... BUT... OH, ALL RIGHT, SON... WE'LL TRY IT. BRING HER TO SEE ME.

TWO DAYS LATER YOU BRING ALICE TO THE HOUSE TO MEET YOUR MOTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME...

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, ALICE, THAT JEREMIAH IS MY SOLE SUPPORT! YOU WILL GAIN VERY LITTLE BY MARRYING HIM. WE'RE POOR PEOPLE.

MOTHER!

I THINK SHE SHOULD KNOW THE TRUTH, SON. MR. COURTLAND LEFT NO MONEY, ALICE, JEREMIAH BARELY MAKES ENOUGH MONEY NOW TO SUPPORT HIMSELF AND ME... LET ALONE, A WIFE!

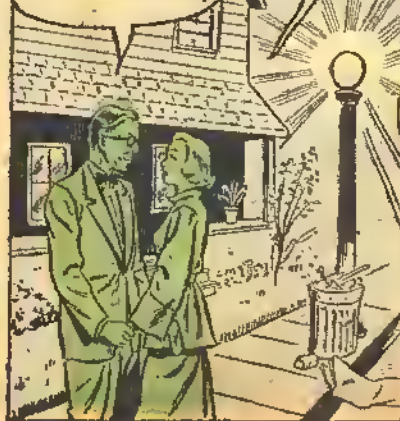
I INTEND TO KEEP MY JOB, MRS. COURTLAND. THERE'LL BE ENOUGH MONEY!

YOU'RE PROUD OF ALICE, JEREMIAH! SHE'S GOT COURAGE... AND LATER, WHEN YOU TAKE HER HOME, YOU TELL HER SO...

MOST WOMEN THINK THAT WHEN THEY MARRY, THEY WON'T HAVE TO WORK ANYMORE. ALICE, YOU'RE A WONDERFUL GIRL!

I'M NOT WONDERFUL AT ALL, JERRY. I'VE USED TO WORKING...

IN MY FAMILY, WE'VE NEVER HAD ANY MONEY... WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO PAY THE MORTGAGE ON THIS TINY LITTLE HOUSE FOR TEN YEARS... AND WE STILL HAVEN'T MANAGED! POP HAS TOO MANY KIDS TO SAVE ANY MONEY!





YOU KISS ALICE GOOD NIGHT AND GO HOME...YOUR LIFE SEEMS PERFECT...UNTIL YOUR MOTHER GREET'S YOU...

YOU'RE A FOOL, JEREMIAH/A REAL FOOL/ I KNOW WOMEN...SHE'LL NEVER BE FAITHFUL TO YOU/ I KNOW THE TYPE... ALL SHE WANTS IS MONEY!



AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 33 YEARS, YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER... YOU YELL AT YOUR MOTHER...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, MOTHER, STOP IT! ALICE WON'T BE UNFAITHFUL/ SHE LOVES ME... SHE'S NOT MONEY-HUNGRY... YOU ARE!



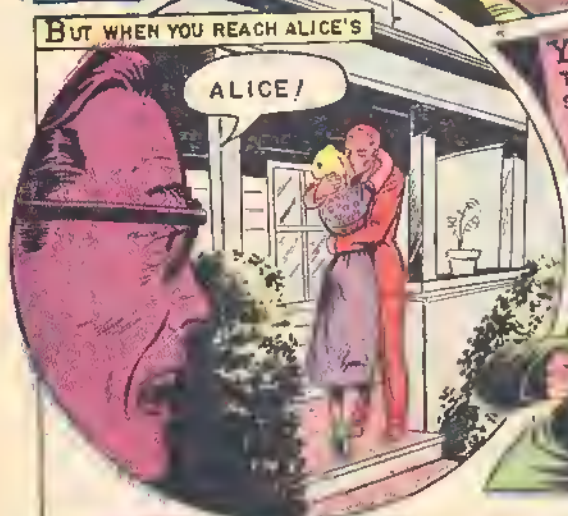
YOU DON'T SPEAK TO YOUR MOTHER THE NEXT MORNING... AND THAT NIGHT AS YOU WALK DOWN TO ALICE'S HOUSE...

NOW THAT EDWARD'S BACK, I MISS NOT SEEING ALICE DURING THE DAY. POOR KID... THIS IS A BAD NEIGHBORHOOD. IT'LL DO HER GOOD TO GET OUT OF HERE. IF ONLY MOTHER WOULD... OH, WELL, WHAT'S THE USE?



BUT WHEN YOU REACH ALICE'S

ALICE!

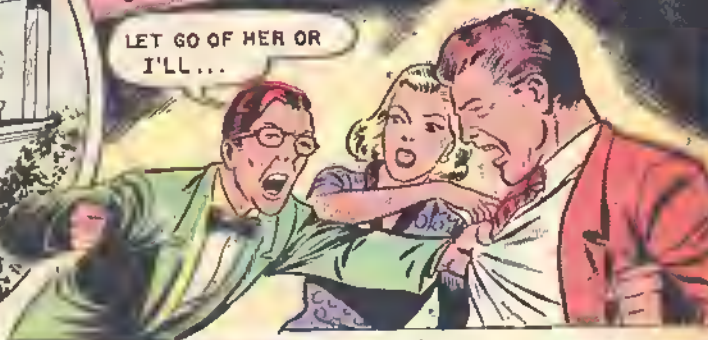


YOU RUSH TO THE PORCH SCARCELY AWARE OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING...

J-JERRY!

YOU'LL WHAT, JUNIOR? BEAT IT BEFORE I BREAK YOU IN TWO LIKE A PRETZEL!

LET GO OF HER OR I'LL...



YOU START TO HIT HIM BUT, OF COURSE, IT'S NO USE...

YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID... SCRAM!

OH, JERRY, (SOB) I DIDN'T WANT IT TO BE THIS WAY!



YOU PICK YOURSELF UP AND WALK HOME...FOR A LONG TIME YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IT'S TRUE... YOUR MOTHER WAS RIGHT, ALICE IS UNFAITHFUL...

...AND THEN I CAME HOME. I-I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, MOTHER... H-HOW COULD SHE DO SUCH A THING?

BECAUSE SHE'S JUST A CHEAP LITTLE HUSSY/ DON'T FRET, MY BOY... YOU'VE GOT YOUR MOTHER TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!





NATURALLY YOU DON'T CALL ALICE AND SHE DOESN'T CALL YOU... LIFE GOES BACK TO THE OLD DREARY STATE OF MISERY AND DEPRESSION

JEREMIAH, COME RIGHT BACK IN HERE AND PUT ON YOUR RUBBERS! IT'S SUPPOSED TO RAIN TODAY!

YES, MOTHER.

BUT AS UNHAPPY AS YOU ARE, JEREMIAH, YOU'RE NOT PREPARED FOR THE SHOCK WHICH GREETS YOU A WEEK LATER AS YOU OPEN THE MORNING PAPER.

DAILY ITEM  
**LOCAL GIRL SELF KILLS SELF**

Alice Nolan, 24, of Hugo Street, last night took her own life by deliberately swallowing a highly potent poison. The girl.

SHE'S DEAD, JEREMIAH... THE WOMAN YOU LOVED SO DESPERATELY IS LOST TO YOU FOREVER

W-WHY, ALICE, WHY? W-WE COULD HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY... WHY? WHY?

YOU STAY LOCKED IN YOUR ROOM ALL THAT DAY, BUT FINALLY, IN THE LATE AFTERNOON, YOU START DOWNSTAIRS.

I HEARD RUMORS IN TOWN THAT JEREMIAH WAS GOING TO MARRY THE NOLAN GIRL, SARAH?

DR. LANE'S HERE... BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE HIM... I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYBODY!

YOU TURN AND HEAD BACK UPSTAIRS... BUT THEN, THE WORDS YOU HEAR FREEZE YOU IN YOUR TRACKS.

YES, HE WAS CONSIDERING IT... BUT I PUT A STOP TO THE WHOLE THING! THE GIRL WAS WORTHLESS... I'M GLAD SHE'S DEAD!

SARAH COURTLAND! YOU DON'T MEAN THAT!

OH, BUT I DO! I NEED JEREMIAH, DR. LANE. I NEED HIS INCOME... I COULDN'T AFFORD TO HAVE HIM MARRY SOME LITTLE NOBODY! THE BOY SUPPORTS ME!

YOU STAND IN THE HALL, JEREMIAH, LISTENING... LISTENING...

BUT WHY SPEND JEREMIAH'S MONEY, SARAH? WHEN SAM DIED, HE LEFT YOU OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS!

JEREMIAH DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT MONEY... AND I DON'T WANT HIM TO! A SON SHOULD TAKE CARE OF HIS MOTHER!



IT WAS SIMPLE TO GET RID OF THE GIRL / I BOUGHT THE MORTGAGE ON HER FAMILY'S HOUSE FROM THE BANK... AND THREATENED TO FORECLOSE IF SHE DIDN'T DROP JEREMIAH!



I FORCED HER TO ARRANGE AN "UNFAITHFUL" SCENE TO CONVINCE JEREMIAH THAT SHE DIDN'T WANT HIM. HA HA HA... IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM.



YOU TURN AND GO UPSTAIRS, JEREMIAH, HER FINAL WORDS RINGING IN YOUR EARS.

WITH THAT FOOL GIRL DEAD, MY SON IS MINE AGAIN HE'LL GET OVER HER... AND MY MONEY IS SAFE!

ALL MY LIFE YOU'VE RULED ME, MOTHER... BUT NOW...



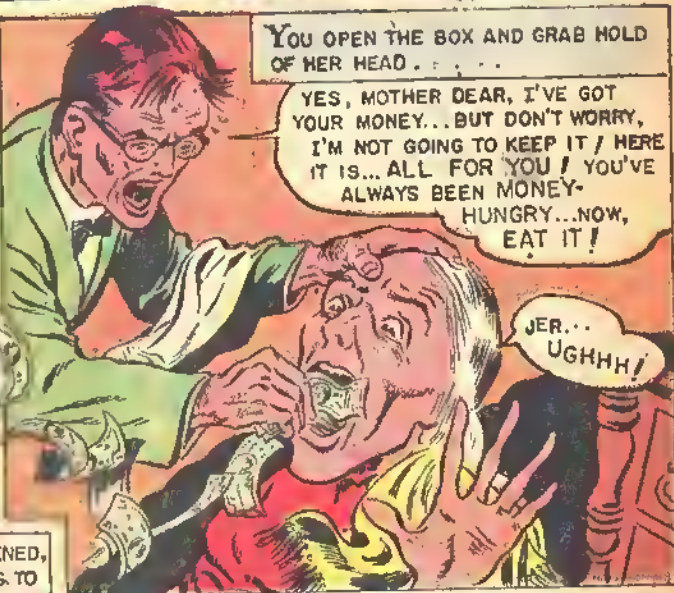
YOU GO INTO YOUR MOTHER'S ROOM AND SEARCH SYSTEMATICALLY UNTIL YOU FIND WHAT YOU WANT. AFTER DR. LAKE LEAVES, YOU RETURN DOWNSTAIRS...

JEREMIAH, YOU LOOK STRANGE. WHAT'S THE... MY STRONG BOX? WHERE DID YOU GET IT? WHAT... WHAT...



YOU OPEN THE BOX AND GRAB HOLD OF HER HEAD...

YES, MOTHER DEAR, I'VE GOT YOUR MONEY... BUT DON'T WORRY, I'M NOT GOING TO KEEP IT / HERE IT IS... ALL FOR YOU! YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN MONEY-HUNGRY... NOW, EAT IT!



JER... UGHHH!

YOU GAG HER WITH THE MONEY SHE'S ALWAYS LOVED SO... AND THEN YOU MAKE A PILE OF IT AT HER FEET...

DON'T LOOK SO FRIGHTENED, MOTHER... I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE YOU / I'LL STAY RIGHT WITH YOU... JUST LIKE YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!



IT'S THE NEXT MORNING; JEREMIAH... BUT YOU'RE DEAD AND YOU CAN'T HEAR WHAT THE SHOCKED TOWNSPEOPLE ARE SAYING...

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND. SARAH COURTLAND WAS SUCH A GOOD MOTHER! SHE DID EVERYTHING SHE COULD FOR JEREMIAH'S HAPPINESS!

T-THEY SAY HE DID IT...



THE END



# LEARN TO DANCE

IN YOUR OWN HOME... in **1** WEEK... or

## DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

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Enables You To Learn A Complete,  
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THE**

**WALTZ**

**TANGO**

**FOX-TROT RHUMBA**

**SAMBA CONGA**

**LINDY JITTERBUG**

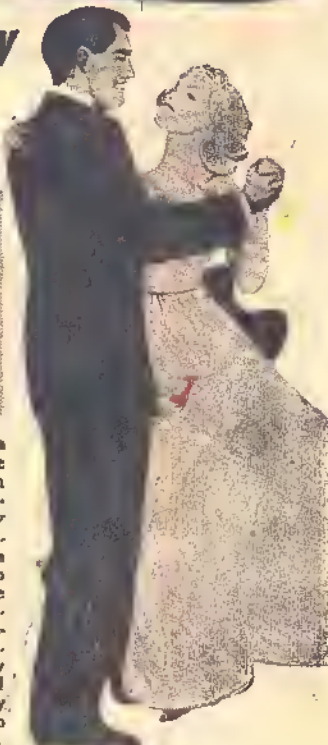
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You must learn to dance, in the privacy of your own home, in 7 days; or you may return the Complete Course of Dance Instruction for immediate refund of double your purchase price. The Bonus Book of Square Dances is yours to keep. **PICKWICK CO.**

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**MAIL DOUBLE REFUND COUPON NOW!**

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Box 463, Middletown Sta., New York 18, N. Y.

Send, at once, the Complete Course of Dance Instruction. For my promptness, include the Book of Square Dances. On delivery, will pay postman just \$1.98 plus postage. If not delighted and thrilled within 7 days, may return the Dance Course for REFUND OF DOUBLE THE PURCHASE PRICE. The Book of Square Dances is mine to keep.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

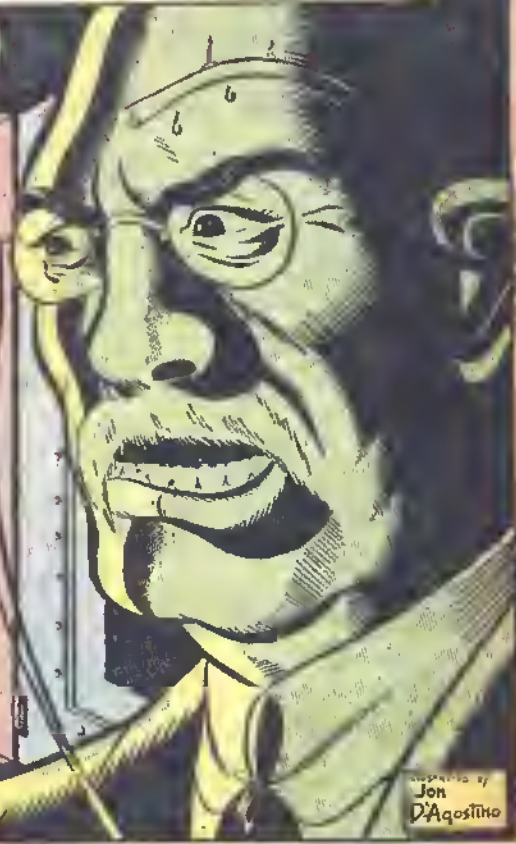
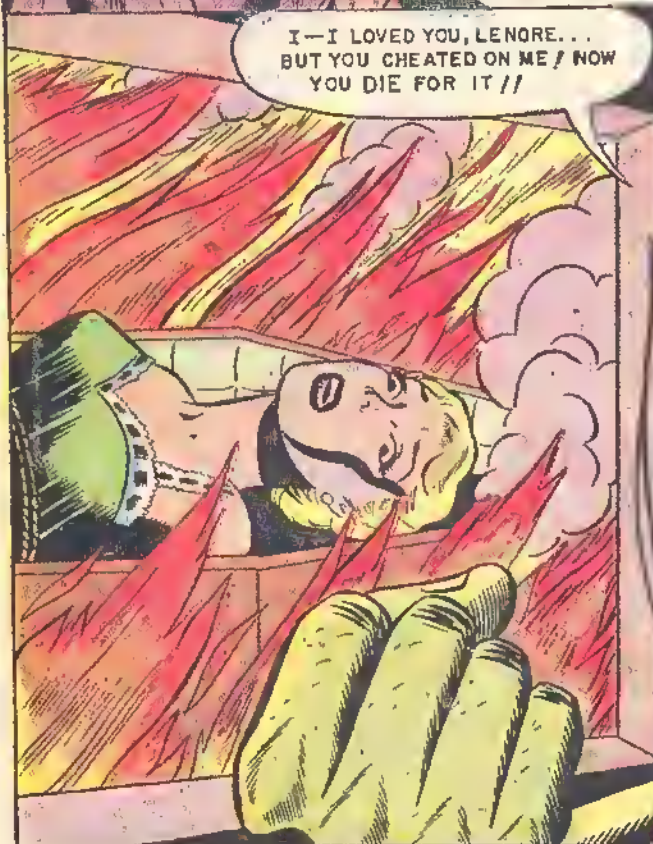
☐ **SAVE MONEY:** Send payment now, and we pay the 48c postage. No A.P.O., F.P.O., or Foreign C.O.D.'s.



HEH... HEH... HEH... WELCOME TO THE HAUNT OF HORROR, KIDDIES! I'VE GOT A JUICY MORSEL FOR YOUR VAMPIRE-LIKE APPETITES! PUT YOUR DROOL BIBS ON AND READ THIS TALE OF JEALOUSY AND MURDER I CALL - - -

# FLAME THROWER!

I—I LOVED YOU, LENORE... BUT YOU CHEATED ON ME! NOW YOU DIE FOR IT!!



Illustrated by  
Jon  
D'Agostino

JOHN PEIRSON IS THE OWNER OF A LARGE AND PROSPEROUS CREMATORIUM IN HOLLYWOOD. HIS "CUSTOMERS" ARE ALWAYS WELL KNOWN... AND WEALTHY...

WHO IS IT THIS TIME, MAC?

FRANCOIS DUNAIF... THE FRENCH STAR! BUT WHEN THEY'RE DEAD, THEY'RE ALL ALIKE!



YES, THE CREMATORIUM DOES A GOOD BUSINESS/A PEIRSON "BURNING" COSTS \$500!

HERE YA GO, FRANCOIS, OLO BOY! HAPPY LANDINGS!







HEH...HEH...HEH...  
ASHES TO ASHES...

BUT LET'S GET BACK TO MORE PLEASANT SIGHTS. NOT ONLY DOES JOHN PEIRSON OWN A CREMATORIUM... HE ALSO HAS A BEAUTIFUL WIFE...

HURRY, DARLING, WE'RE DUE AT THE CARLTON'S IN TEN MINUTES.

WE'LL HAVE TO BE LATE, MY SWEET, I HAVE A STOP TO MAKE.



LENORE PEIRSON IS THE APPLE OF HER HUSBAND'S EYE. SHE'S AN EX-HOLLYWOOD BIT PLAYER, TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER THAN JOHN... AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO SWEAR LENORE MARRIED FOR MONEY!

WHERE DO WE HAVE TO STOP, MONEY?

IT'S A SECRET, MY PET!



LENORE SIGHS IN DELIGHT. "A SECRET" ALWAYS MEANS A PRESENT FOR HER...

JOHN IS SO SWEET AND THOUGHTFUL. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT HIM!



AND A SHORT TIME LATER...

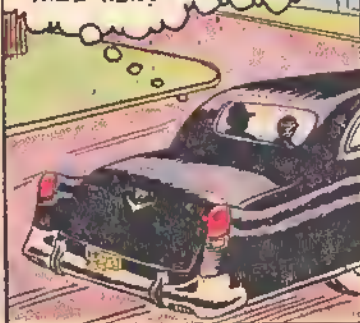
JUST REMEMBER, LENORE... YOU'RE MINE... ALL MINE! I--IF YOU EVER LEFT ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE, I'D... I'D...

JOHN, DON'T TALK THAT WAY! I LOVE YOU AND I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU!



OH, YES, THE PEIRSONS ARE A DEVOTED COUPLE, HEH... HEH... BUT JOHN LIVES IN DEADLY FEAR THAT LENORE MAY SOMEDAY LEAVE HIM...

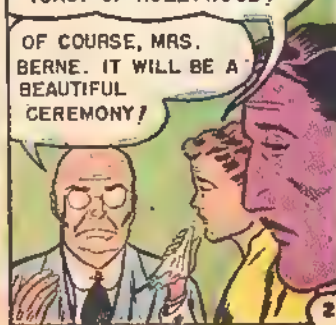
I--IF I REALLY BELIEVED SHE MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY... I--I THINK I'D KILL HER!



NOW YOU'VE MET THE PEIRSONS... CHARMING COUPLE, EH? IT'S A WEEK LATER AS WE PICK THEM UP AGAIN...

... AND (SOB) WE WANT THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, MR. PEIRSON. (SOB) AFTER ALL LOLA LAVERNE WAS THE TOAST OF HOLLYWOOD!

OF COURSE, MRS. BERNE. IT WILL BE A BEAUTIFUL CEREMONY!





NOW YOU'D  
BETTER SELECT  
A COFFIN FOR  
MISS LAVERNE.

I...I'D LIKE TO SEE  
MR. PEIRSON, PLEASE.  
A-ABOUT A  
FUNERAL!

OF COURSE.  
HAVE A  
SEAT, MR.  
PEIRSON WILL  
BE WITH YOU IN  
A MINUTE.

AS LENORE  
LOOKS AT  
RALPH LANG'S  
THIN, PALE  
FACE, SHE  
FEELS A  
WAVE OF  
SYMPATHY  
GO THROUGH  
HER. HE  
LOOKS SO  
MISERABLE...  
SO ALONE...

I-I HOPE IT WASN'T  
ANYONE CLOSE TO  
YOU THAT...ER...

IT WAS  
MY MOTHER  
... A HEART  
ATTACK.



LENORE'S HEART GOES OUT TO THE  
DESOLATE LOOKING MAN, AND WHEN  
HE'S TALKING TO JOHN A FEW  
MINUTES LATER...

A HUNDRED DOLLARS / YOUNG  
MAN, YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE /  
I CAN'T CONDUCT  
A FUNERAL FOR  
THAT PRICE /  
YOU'D BETTER...

JOHN, CAN'T YOU  
MAKE AN EXCEP-  
TION? IT'S HIS  
MOTHER. PLEASE,  
JOHN.

FOR AN INSTANT A FLICKER  
OF JEALOUSY CROSSES  
JOHN'S EYES, BUT THEN...

DON'T BE RIDICU--- OH,  
ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR /  
I'LL DO AS YOU ASK. YOU  
MAY HAVE THE FUNERAL  
AT THAT PRICE, YOUNG  
MAN /

IT IS A FEW DAYS LATER, AND JOHN  
HAS TRIED TO PUSH THE THOUGHT OF  
RALPH LANG OUT OF HIS MIND, BUT... HEH...  
HEH... HEH... HE HASN'T BEEN TOO  
SUCCESSFUL /

SHE SEEMED SO  
FRIENDLY TOWARD HIM. I---I WONDER  
IF... GOT TO STOP THINKING ABOUT IT /  
IT'S OUR ANNIVERSARY TONIGHT.  
MAYBE I'LL GET HER  
A NEW FUR.  
SOMETHING...

BUT AS HE LOOKS UP INTO THE WINDOW,  
JOHN SEES A SIGHT THAT MAKES HIS BLOOD  
RUN COLO...

LENORE /... AND SHE'S  
WITH HIM!

JOHN IS  
ALMOST WILD  
WITH RAGE  
AND JEALOUSY  
BUT, FOR  
THE TIME  
BEING, HE  
KEEPS QUIET  
ABOUT WHAT  
HE'S SEEN.  
THAT NIGHT...

STOP LOOKING LIKE A THUNDER  
CLOUD, DARLING / IT'S OUR  
ANNIVERSARY!



LENORE HANDS JOHN A PACKAGE.  
AND WHEN HE OPENS IT HE FINDS...

...TO MY DEAREST HUSBAND  
WITH ALL MY LOVE, LENORE...  
THANK YOU, MY DEAR. IT'S  
VERY CHARMING.



I'M GOING TO MAKE US A  
DRINK. YOU SEEM  
DEPRESSED,  
JOHN.

WHY IS  
SHE ACTING SO  
SWEET? PROBABLY  
TRYING TO HIDE  
SOMETHING.



AS THE DAYS PASS JOHN IS LIKE  
A MAN OBSESSED... IS LENORE  
REALLY BEING UNFAITHFUL TO HIM?

I DON'T SEE ANY LETTERS  
FROM HIM. M—MAYBE I'M  
ALL WRONG. MAYBE SHE...  
WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT'S  
THIS?



SHE GAVE HIM \$400! \$400 FOR WHAT?  
THAT LOUSY LITTLE TWO-TIMER!  
I WAS RIGHT!



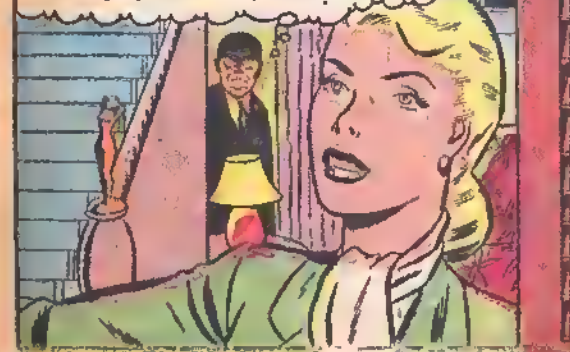
JOHN PACES AROUND LENORE'S ROOM LIKE A MADMAN...  
AND, AS IF TO PROVE HIS SUSPICIONS, WHEN HE  
PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW

SHE'S WITH HIM --- PROBABLY THINKS  
I'M AT THE CREMATORIUM... OH, LENORE,  
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS... PAY WITH  
YOUR LIFE!

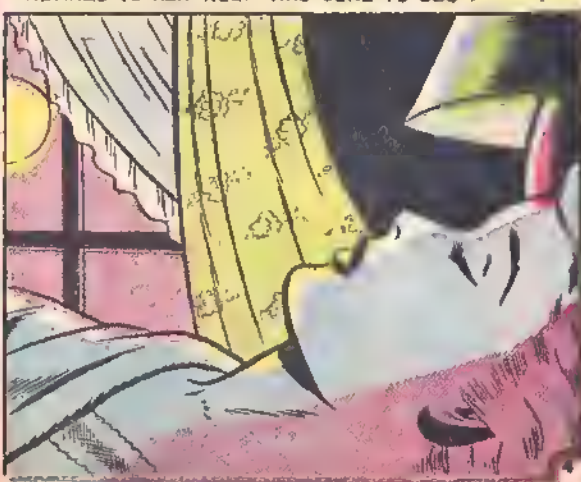


HEH... HEH... HEH... THEY SAY THAT LOVE IS BUT  
A STEP FROM HATE... AND JOHN'S LOVE  
PROVES THE THEORY BY RAPIDLY TURNING INTO  
BURNING, RAGING HATRED!

SO YOU FEEL HAPPY NOW, DO  
YOU, MY CHARMING WIFE? WELL,  
MY DEAR, TONIGHT, YOU'LL NOT  
BE FEELING ANYTHING!



IT IS NIGHT NOW IN THE PEIRSON HOME. AFTER  
A QUIET DINNER WITH HER HUSBAND, LENORE HAS  
RETIRED TO HER ROOM AND GONE TO BED.





BUT SUDDENLY THE CALM OF THE PEACEFUL ROOM IS  
'BROKEN ...

WAKE UP, MY SWEET... WAKE  
UP! IT'S TIME!

JOHN, FOR GOD'S  
SAKE, WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? ARE  
YOU DRUNK OR...

DRUNK? HAHAAHAHA/  
NO, LENORE, I'M NOT  
DRUNK! I KNOW WHAT I'M  
DOING... INDEED, I KNOW  
WHAT I'M DOING!

ALTHOUGH JOHN IS 62, HIS STRENGTH HAS  
NOT WANE. LENORE'S STRUGGLES AND  
SCREAMS ARE IN VAIN...

JOHN, STOP IT/  
YOU'VE LOST  
YOUR MIND/  
LET ME GO!

NO, MY DEAR... YOU  
MUST HAVE LOST YOUR  
MIND TO THINK YOU  
FOOLED ME!

IT IS THIRTY  
MINUTES LATER  
AND IN THE  
DARKNESS OF  
NIGHT, JOHN  
HAS TAKEN  
LENORE TO  
THE  
CREMATORIUM  
WITHOUT  
BEING  
OBSERVED...

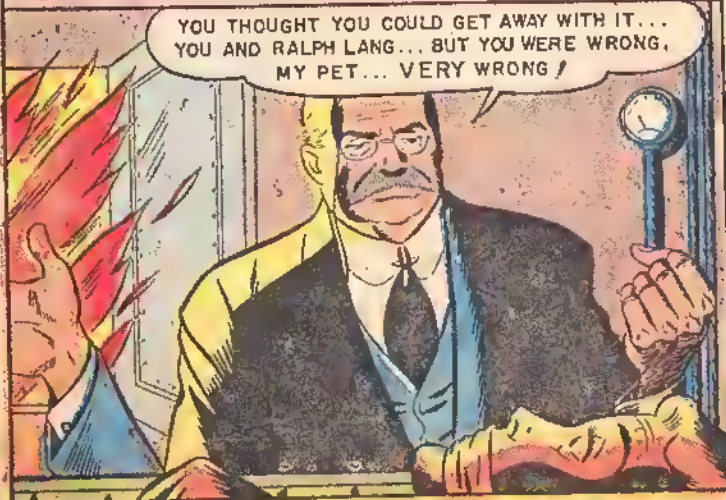
I CAN SEE BY YOUR EYES THAT YOU'RE  
PLEADING WITH ME... BUT IT'S TOO LATE,  
MY DEAR!



WITH LENORE TIED INSIDE A COFFIN, JOHN IS READY TO COMPLETE  
THE LAST STEP OF HIS DIABOLICAL REVENGE...

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT...  
YOU AND RALPH LANG... BUT YOU WERE WRONG,  
MY PET... VERY WRONG!

NOW YOU'LL BURN  
FOR YOUR SINS!





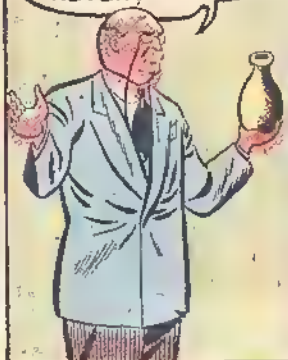
HEH...HEH...HEH... JOHN WATCHES FROM AN OBSERVATION WINDOW AS THE FLAMES EAT HUNGRILY AT HIS WIFE...

H—HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE IT TO ME, LENORE... I LOVED YOU SO AND Y—YOU DIDN'T CARE... ALL YOU WANTED WAS MY MONEY.



THE FLAMES DO THEIR WORK IN A MATTER OF SECONDS... UNTIL THE BODY OF LENORE PEIRSON IS NOTHING BUT ASHES... ASHES WHICH JOHN PLACES IN AN URN...

NOW YOU'RE MINE AGAIN, LENORE... YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME... NEVER!



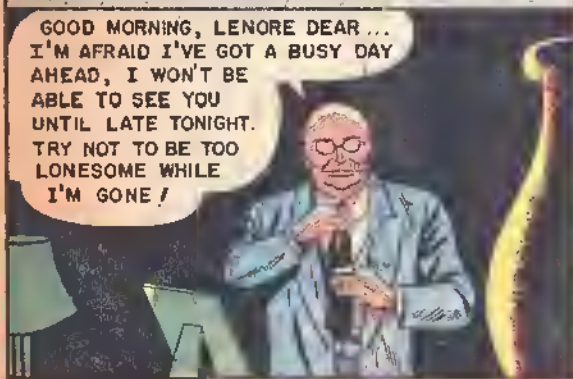
THE URN IS TAKEN HOME AND PLACED ON A SHELF IN JOHN'S SITTING ROOM

SEE, MY SWEET, NOW YOU'RE BACK HOME. ISN'T IT PEACEFUL... JUST YOU AND ME, TOGETHER!

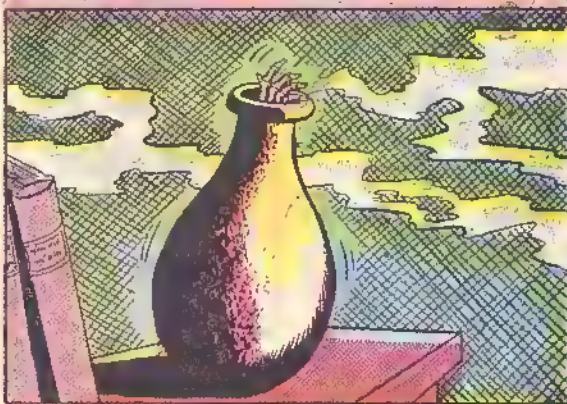


JOHN TELLS EVERYONE THAT LENORE HAS GONE ON AN EXTENDED VACATION AND FOR A TIME, HE IS HAPPY AND CONTENT

GOOD MORNING, LENORE DEAR... I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT A BUSY DAY AHEAD, I WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE YOU UNTIL LATE TONIGHT. TRY NOT TO BE TOO LONESOME WHILE I'M GONE!



JOHN LEAVES AND THE ROOM IS SILENT... SILENT EXCEPT FOR A SLIGHT STIRRING WITHIN THE IRON URN.



HEH...HEH...HEH... YES, THERE'S DEFINITELY MOVEMENT WITHIN THE URN...



AND AN AGONIZING FEW MINUTES LATER...



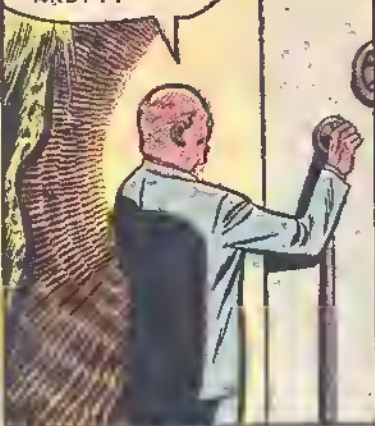


HEH... HEH... HEH... EACH STEP IS TORTURE, BUT THE ROTTING, BURNED CREATURE MAKES ITS WAY PAINFULLY ACROSS TOWN UNTIL IT REACHES ITS DESTINATION.

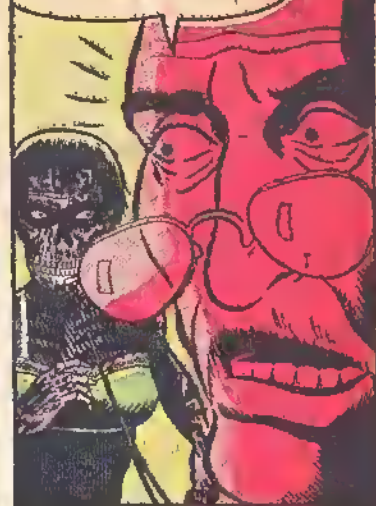


AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

NO MORE BUSINESS TODAY... GUESS I'LL TURN DOWN THE FURNACE'S HEAT AND...



OH, MY GOD! NO! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE...



BUT, OH, YES, JOHN, IT CAN BE... AND IT IS / WITHOUT A WORD, AND AS IF YOU WERE WEIGHTLESS, SHE PICKS YOU UP AND WALKS TOWARD THE CREMATORIUM DOOR.

PUT ME DOWN / PUT ME DOWN / YOU CAN'T KILL ME... YOU CAN'T!



BUT EVEN AS YOU SCREAM, YOU KNOW IT'S USELESS, DON'T YOU, JOHN? OF COURSE SHE CAN KILL YOU... AND SHE DOES!

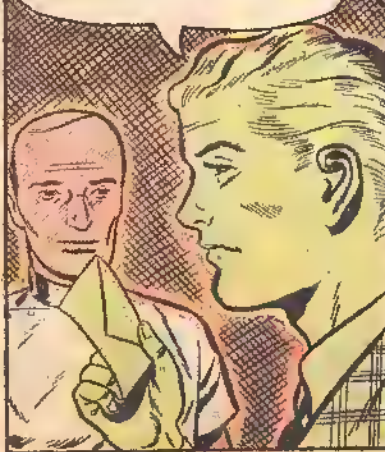
EAGHRRRRRRR!



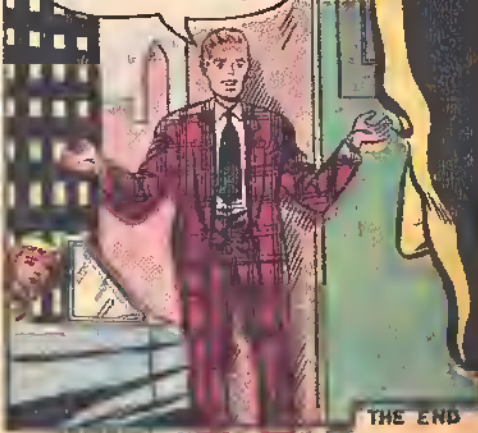
AND SO ENDS OUR TALE OF... WHAT? WHAT'S THAT YOU ASKED? OH, I SEE... YOU WANT TO KNOW IF LENORE WAS REALLY UNFAITHFUL? LET'S GO BACK TO THE CREMATORIUM TWO DAYS LATER...



OH, YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN MRS. PEIRSON WILL BE BACK? WELL, WOULD YOU HAVE THIS FORWARDED TO HER, PLEASE?



IT'S A CHECK. SHE LOANED ME THE MONEY TO BRING MY WIFE OUT HERE FROM THE EAST! WONDERFUL WOMAN, MRS. PEIRSON — JUST LIKE A MOTHER TO ME!



THE END



# CHEW "SPECIAL FORMULA" CHEWING GUM! *Reduce*

UP TO **5 lbs.** A WEEK WITH **DOCTOR'S PLAN!**

NOW—at last—a new, scientific idea which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish—or you **DON'T PAY A PENNY!** The wonderful part is that it is so simple . . . so very easy and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges on hips, abdomen, chin, neck, bust, arms, thighs, legs, etc. The results of lost weight by normally overweight men and women are really amazing. No hardship, no exhausting exercises, drugs or laxatives. Here's the new, modern way to reduce . . . to acquire an improved figure and the slimmer, exciting, more graceful silhouette you've dreamed about. Simply chew Special Formula Chewing Gum and follow the Doctor's Plan. This tasty wholesome Chewing Gum possesses Sorbitol, is sugar-free, and reduces appetite. Sorbitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Just chew this delicious gum and reduce with the Doctor's Plan. If your heart's desire is a slender, beautiful attractive figure—if you want more popularity, friends, romance—then start today! Doctor's Plan will amaze you. Try it for only 10 days, then step on the scale. You will hardly believe your eyes. The important thing is to start . . . so **MAIL COUPON BELOW TODAY!**

**FREE** A full 12-day supply package will be given FREE with each order of 24-day supply for \$2.00.

**100% MONEY  
BACK GUARANTEE**

Let your scale prove you can lose weight and acquire a slimmer attractive figure. A 10-day trial must convince you **OR NO COST.**

12-  
DAY  
SUPPLY  
ONLY.

**\$1**

DOCTOR'S PLAN, DEPT. MC-4,

P. O. BOX 787, NEWARK 1, NEW JERSEY

Save postage. Doctor's Plan pays postage if you enclose payment now. (If c.o.d., postage and mailing charges extra.)

- ☐ 1 enclose \$2 cash, check, or money order. Please rush the full 24-day supply PLUS the FREE 12-day package.  
☐ 1 enclose \$1. Please rush full 12-day package.

Please Print Clearly

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**ORDER TODAY—MAIL COUPON NOW!**

MAIL THIS COUPON





# Borrow Money **BY MAIL!**

## ON YOUR OWN SIGNATURE

**Our Guarantee**  
If for any reason you return the money within 10 days after the loan is made there will be no charge or cost to you.

**ANY AMOUNT**

**\$50<sup>00</sup> to \$600<sup>00</sup>**

**Quick—Easy—Private—Confidential**

**No Matter Where You Live in the U. S.—You Can Borrow from State Finance  
No Endorsers or Co-Signers Needed—Complete Privacy Assured!**

So much easier than calling on friends and relatives . . . so much more business-like . . . to borrow the money you need **BY MAIL** from fifty-year old State Finance Company. No matter where you live in the U. S., you can borrow any amount from \$50.00 to \$600.00 *entirely by mail in complete privacy* without asking anyone to co-sign or endorse your loan. Friends, neighbors, employer . . . will **NOT** know you are applying for a loan. Convenient monthly budget payments. If loan is repaid ahead of time, you pay **ONLY** for the time you actually use the money! If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your **FREE** Loan Application and Loan Papers. State amount you want to borrow. *Everything you need to make a loan by return mail will be sent to you in a plain envelope!* So mail the coupon below today!

**Thousands of Men and Women Like Yourself Use Our  
Confidential By-Mail Loan Service**

**Repay in Convenient Monthly Installments**

Monthly payments are made to fit your budget best. You can start paying six weeks after the loan is made, and repay in convenient monthly payments out of your future earnings. The cost of the loan is regulated by the laws of the State of Nebraska. For example, if the loan is repaid ahead

of time, you pay only for the time you use the money . . . not one day longer! One out of three applicants get cash on their signature only. Furniture and auto loans are also made. No matter in which state you live, you can borrow from State Finance Company in complete confidence.

**Clip and Mail Coupon Below for Fast Action**

**FREE LOAN PAPERS**

**NO OBLIGATION**

If you are over 25 years of age and steadily employed, simply mail the coupon below for your Loan Application, sent to you in a plain envelope. There is no obligation, and you'll get fast action. You can get the money you need to help pay bills, to buy furniture, to repair your home or car, to pay doctor or hospital bills, to pay for a vacation, a trip, or for schooling, or for any other purpose. This money is here, waiting for you, so rush this coupon today!

### CONFIDENTIAL

Complete privacy is assured. No one knows you are applying for a loan: All details are handled in the privacy of your own home, and entirely by mail. **ONLY YOU AND WE KNOW ABOUT IT!**

### IMPORTANT

You must be at least 25 years old to borrow by mail from State Finance.

**Old Reliable Company—  
MORE THAN 50 YEARS OF SERVICE**

STATE FINANCE COMPANY was organized in 1897. During the past 54 years, we have helped over 1,000,000 men and women in all walks of life. Confidential loans are made all over America, in all 48 states. We are licensed by the Banking Department of the State of Nebraska to do business under the Small Loan Law.

You'll enjoy borrowing this easy, confidential, convenient way from this old, responsible company in whom you can place the greatest confidence.



**STATE FINANCE  
COMPANY**

Dept. A-94, 323 Securities Bldg.  
Omaha 2, Nebraska

**STATE FINANCE COMPANY MAIL COUPON TODAY!**  
Dept. A-94, 323 Securities Bldg., Omaha 2, Nebr.

Without obligation rush full details in plain envelope, with **FREE** Loan Application and Loan Papers for my signature, if I decide to borrow.

Name

Address

City  State

Occupation  Age

Amount you want to borrow \$







# STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...  
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



## •YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves  
STOP
- Tobacco Breath  
STOP
- Tobacco Cough  
STOP
- Burning Mouth  
Ours To Smoking  
STOP
- Not Burning Tongue  
Ours To Smoking  
STOP
- Poisonous Nicotine  
Ours To Smoking  
STOP
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthful nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN Days! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breathe clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

## SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker  
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthful impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs... a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$55 on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today.

## HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

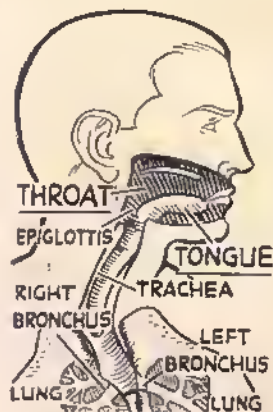
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lung, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness... Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can lose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthful smoking habit!

## ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients)... If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever... your money cheerfully refunded.



**YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS... OR NO COST TO YOU**



## Here's What Happens When You Smoke...

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs... (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures these membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath... Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco... Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days... Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever... return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

## STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

**DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS**  
7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. 53,  
1227 Loyola Ave.,  
Chicago 26, Illinois

SENT TO YOU IN  
PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

- ☐ Send 7-Day Supply. I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.
- ☐ Save 45¢ on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_